

PROP WASH

NO 13 S.F.T.S.
ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

Vol. 1. No. 3.

• NORTH BATTLEFORD, SASK., AUGUST 5th, 1944 •

Price: Co-operation.

BOMBER BOY TO BEAM BASHER



**Squadron Leader H. Gibson,
R.A.F.**

Since February of this year he has been engaged in fitting Harvard Aircraft with S.B.A. equipment, calibrating beam ground installations, and training instructors in S.B.A. procedure at various stations out west. These duties explain his presence with us here, and also why some of our Harvards have recently acquired a red band with a red Dot and Dash, no secret at all, they are S.B.A. aircraft, i.e. Standard Beam Approach Aircraft.

Before joining the R.A.F. in 1939 S/L Gibson was a civilian pilot, and was attested to the R.A.F. as AC2 Pilot U/T, G.D., later LAC, then Sgt. Pilot. He was posted to an O.T.U. in Scotland on heavy night bombers and upon completion of the course he was posted to a night bomber squadron in Yorkshire and after several operational flights was made Flight Sgt. was posted to another night bomber squadron where he was commissioned. He has 37 operational trips as a night bomber pilot and amongst his various targets he has bombed, Berlin, Cologne, Mannheim, Brest, Keil, Lorient, and a few excursions over the Ruhr or "Happy Valley" as it is known among bomber boys. He will tell you anytime that a bomber crew is essentially TEAM WORK all the time, and that the maintenance boys who keep the squadrons in the air are the salt of the earth.

He also served in Malta in 1941, and reckons it is a beautiful place to get posted

SKY PILOT POSTED

Among the movements of personnel this month is the posting of the Padre F/L Burchill to the Western Air Command. F/L Burchill has been on this station for about five months. He has during that time devoted himself to the job, and was a familiar figure in all sections of the station, especially the flights where he spent a great deal of time with the boys both day and night flying. We wish him Happy Landings at the Coast.

F/L H. C. Smith comes as the new Padre from No. 3 Manning Depot in Edmonton. He is a veteran of Mossbank and Regina and therefore no stranger to Saskatchewan. F/L Smith has a message for you:

"As the new Padre on this unit I hope to be of assistance to those who find themselves in need of help or advice on any matter. The scope of a Padre's work is not clearly defined, but it is generally to help in the efficient functioning of the station and the happiness of the individual in his or her work. This can be accomplished by mental or spiritual help, that is needed from time to time to promote human happiness. If I can help in this regard please come to see me at the office in the 'Y'."

from. Some experience there, where it was hot in more ways than one! He tramped around in battle dress for days on end in a temperature of 117 plus, before securing a pair of drill shorts, often got 2 meals a day and shared a dormitory in a convent with another 84 old boys, furniture nil, a camp bed, no dresser, no nothing, no hot water either so sans showers, sans baths, sans insects too, for we smelt too high for them to bite us." He saw some amazing cases of bravery and fortitude on that tiny island, both by the ground men of all trades and by "The Heroes of Malta" the fighter boys, who often scrambled into a dog fight with the odds of 5 to 1 against them, and if there is anything more thrilling than 6 Hurricanes mixing with 35 to 40 JU 88's and Heinkels then Gibby would like to see it.

The Maltese certainly proved they can take it, and naturally hated Jerry in any form or fashion, but their hatred for the "Wops" (The Italians) was even of a deeper and more bacid feeling. Whenever an Italian pilot was shot down over the island, which was very often indeed, the Maltese went made with joy and the noise they

This Is Elmer . . . and Elmer is you



Every month in this column an airman or airwoman will be chosen at random, as Elmer, and all his maidenly secrets exposed to the full glare of publicity. A biography, in other words to give you a cross section of the Station's personalities.

In a most regrettable accident, two of the personnel of this station lost their lives:


LAC. Higgins
F/L Hickey

This is the first fatality since this station opened in North Battleford. Naturally a gloom is noticed on the station and it is the hope and prayer of everyone that this will be the last accident we have.

Each and every one of us extend our deepest sympathy to the bereaved members of both men's families.

made would have made the noise of the spectators at a match between the Canadians and the Maple Leafs sound like a defaulters parade. Life in Malta had its moments, but still it was a good place to get away from.

S/L Gibson came off operations in 42, and has been on beam flying instructional duties since, and has flown more than 1000 hrs. as a beam instructor.



PROP WASH

R. C. A. F.

<p>Managing Director F/L A. M. Ward</p> <p>Editor WO2 J. M. Corcoran</p> <p>Art Cpl. Cripps Lac. Larue</p> <p>Sports Sgt. MacGregor Law. Mary Holden</p>	<p>Business Manager Art Etter, YMCA</p> <p>Feature Editor Cpl. Bob Currie</p> <p>Social Cpl. Rutledge</p> <p>Circulation Cpl. Harrison</p> <p>Section Cpl. Sher Cpl. Price</p>
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By JaMCie

Howdy Folks! Glad to see you calling around for another visit to the Loft.

By the way, received a letter this month from one of my last month's visitors who had something on the back of his mind and has asked me to enlighten him and his friends on a few points that he mentioned therein.

The queries, as he calls them, are really more than interesting and deserve or warrant looking into and explained so that all who have the same ideas or curiosities may at least get JaMCie's viewpoint on them.

The following is the complete text of the letter as forwarded to the Loft.

12th July 1944

LETTER TO THE "EDITOR"

The Editor-in Chief
The Prop-Wash
Dear Sir:

In the Editorial (Pigeon Loft) of the last edition of the Prop-Wash, mention was made about the fact that no letters of criticism have ever been received about your publication.

This therefore might be the first, and although it is not meant to be one of criticism, it is on the other hand, meant to be one through which a goodly number of the personnel on the Station can get some of their curiosities satisfied.

In view of this, therefore, the following queries are forwarded to you for enlightenment:

(i) Regarding the Prop-Wash . . . What can we submit for Publication? Where but in your publication can the personnel voice their complaints and put forth their ideas and suggestions ? ? ? ? Elucidate please.

(ii) At. No. 13 at St. Hubert's we were fortunate enough to have the Hostess House where anyone feeling like having a Snack could go and appease their hunger . . . But what have we here ? ? ? ? Anyone wanting an evening's Snack has to go into town to the local Restaurants where they soak us "to the Hilt" or if you possess the qualities of a good scrounger you might get a little something from the Mess . . . but just try it and see what you get ! ! ! (suggestion) Why can't a small Snack Bar be opened in the Kitchen Section of the Y.M.C.A. Hut all ranks would be able to go for a bite to eat? The hours suggested would

be from 18.00 to 2330 and thus anyone who has been to the Movies on the Station could stop there for five minutes and have some Coffee and Toast before hitting the "Hay".

(ii) Surely this suggestion could be passed along through the medium of the Prop-Wash to the Powers that Are.

(iii) The Prop-Wash is the Station Publication and has so far met with approval and with favorable comment from the personnel in General but

(i) Why can't it be published more often?

(ii) Why can't there be more pictures of personnel and sections and of Station Life put in each Edition ? ? ? ?

Realizing that this letter is somewhat long, I dare not ask that it be printed in the Prop-Wash in its entirety but some mention made concerning the few queries as put forth in it.

Your co-operation and support in this matter will surely be much appreciated.

By
A No. "Thirteen-er"

In answering the few points in question JaMCie would like to have one thing understood that the explanations for each one are his own and must not be taken as official but just what has been gathered from heresay and from the Ol' Grape-Vine.

The first point therefore is about the Prop-Wash and what can and cannot be submitted for publication and what will and what will not be printed. Well, here is the low-down on that . . . anything and everything submitted for publication will be printed as long as it is not contrary to the regulations pertaining to Censorship. Regardless to what it may be, whether it is a complaint, a Beef, new ideas, suggestions or infact anything or any matter that you want brought to the attention of the Powers that Are, (Quote- Our Writer) just send them along to JaMCie and depend upon co-operation plus

It might be very Apropos to mention at this point that, since the receipt of the above letter, Suggestion Boxes have been Placed throughout the Camp, so that all the moans and goans and new ideas may be gathered from the Personnel on the Station. The idea is really solid but some might say "It's the same old story What then ? ? ? Well, dear Readers, being in on the Know, JaMCie can assure you that each and every entry in any of the Boxes will positively be given individual consideration and none will be overlooked. So what about getting busy and filling every Box with anything and everything that is on the Back of your mind.

The second query, namely The Snack Bar, is really a sound and solid idea. The suggestion speaks for itself and there's really not much that can be said about it except, that plans are being readied and ideas gathered to get a Snack Bar into operation just as soon as possible. As to where it is to be located JaMCie hasn't heard, but the Spot as mentioned by the writer seems to be the only logical place so that all ranks could make purchases there.

The last query, but by no means the least, brings us back to the Prop-Wash. The writer asks us why it can't be published more often well, there are several reasons for that but the two principal ones need only be mentioned.

The first is the financial angle. The paper cannot carry any advertisements, it is distributed free, gratis and for nothing and consequently is not self-supporting.

The second angle is the fact that before the paper could be started, a Certificate of Exemption had to be obtained from the Wartime Prices and Trade Board to allow us to print a monthly Station Paper and due to the present shortage of Newsprint, we can call ourselves lucky that we can get enough paper for one Edition a month.

Mention was also made in the query as to why more pictures of the personnel and Station Life was not put into each Edition this again hits at the financial angle. The Staff of the Prop-Wash are allotted a certain amount for each edition and the present cost of the publication is equalling and sometimes exceeding our quota.

Well, Friends and No. "Thirteen-er, hope this answers and puts a little light on your queries and if perchance you may have any more just send them and we will see about giving you our viewpoint on them too.

◆ ◆ ◆ SOCIAL DOINS ◆ ◆ ◆

Your Social Centre The "Y" Hut

In spite of the warm, dry weather we are enjoying, the YMCA Hut remains popular, as a rendezvous for all ranks.

The lounge—newly furnished—is a large room with a piano and radio. Being open from mid-morning, it is used a great deal by shift workers who wish to relax before going on duty.

The writing room is in a large alcove at the back of the lounge. Here, you will find every necessity for writing letters.

We are rather proud of our combination Library and Information Room. We have the latest news-maps and 'gen' on every subject. Among the 2000 books on the shelves you will find your favorite author—whether you like philosophy or a mystery.

So if you haven't already visited your "home away from home"—do it now—You'll enjoy it as much as we have.

Corky:- Should I have mentioned that the roof leaks when it rains?

Now that someone else—who wishes to remain anonymous—has given you an inkling into what the physical aspect of the YMCA looks like, we can only suggest that you pay us a visit and see for yourself. Four new chesterfields and 36 new chairs will help dress the place up, and we are expecting them to arrive any time now. Come lounge awhile in comfort!

With the sun so hot in between rain storms, and the moon so bright between swains and their swoons, the movies getting a bit better in quality—even Jack Round admits it now—and the expected lassitude of July and August upon us, great attempts at organized program seems pretty silly. But Course 113 had their morale worked on a bit a while ago, when the good ladies of the I.O.D.E. of North Battleford made an earnest attempt to gather the boys under one roof one evening and give them a real evening of whist, lunch, dancing, and presentable young ladies. From the fellows' comments, they had a whale of a time. Incidentally, if you are thinking of remustering to aircrew, these parties are a regular feature for incoming courses. Then, of course, the less we stay here about "incoming courses" the better.

These souls from St. Hubert (with its concert parties regularly), were, we hope, among the loudest in their applause for the "Swingtime Troupe" of RCAF lads who paid

us a visit June 28th and 29th. Boy! That "Swami of Swoon" sure left an impression on several young ladies we meet every day! (It's a bit too bad there were not more turned out for an audition on Thursday morning.)

We've certainly got to hand this month's garland of roses, daffodils and lilies, to Course 101 for the way they pitched in and made the Drill Hall so presentable for the Dance following Sports Day. The arrangement of chairs and tables was more effective than last time, and we must say the stage was dolled up the best for many a fickle moon. The new scheme of lighting decorations we must thank a group of girls heartily for—their prowess with the sewing machine is now undoubted. Thanks, girls. (Why SHOULD we bring your names out in public—YOU know your own?)

As we sit writing this line of tripe, with the wind lifting the roof periodically and the windows rattling their panes out—reflection says that another Y travelling Art Exhibit is now a week overdue on the station. It is one of Photographs, and promises to surpass the exhibit of oils we had back in February, when most of you were still back (as you say) in Canada. If it comes before this gets into print, we will hope you all have seen it and enjoyed it on display in the Y, and if it comes after you read this, then for crying out loud don't be shy about coming around. The exhibit will be a worthwhile one, we assure you. Come take a look—even if you merely go out afterward and say how corny it was and how much better photographs you can take yourself.

Sports Day Dance—July 5

After the rather poor weather of our sports day, everyone was glad to get into the Drill Hall. The very good decorating job done by Course 101 added much to the occasion, and Robbie Robinson's orchestra, augmented by a few of our own boys, provided peppy and varied music. The highlight of the evening was the presentation of prizes by the C.O., announced by F/O Shea. Denny's talent at M.C. has been wasted too long—lets have more of him at other dances. The Air Cadets from Lloydminster and Cutknife swelled the crowd, and evidently they like this aspect of Service Life. Where did they get all those cute girl friends? They must have something you Montreal Wolves lack.

Station Orchestra Dance

For the first time the R.C.A.F. took over the station a dance was held in the Rec. Hall, and the results were very gratifying. A good crowd turned out to hear the boys, and though it was their first public appearance, they really put on a good show. Of course, some say the gals just turn up to see that man Spark slap that bass of his—could be, but we liked the music, and are looking forward to a similar affair soon.

Maintenance Weiner Roast

For super-organization, and super fun, leave it to Maintenance. Two truck loads of Maintenance Office Staff and their current heart throbs really had a good time out by Ye Battle River, June 28, when they devoured stupendous quantities of hot dogs cooked over the pre-fabricated cooking devices which were the brain children of Majors Borrie and Hutchison. Music by LAC Spark proved incentive enough to bring out a hidden talent for Indian War Dances in several of our gang, and oh Myrtle, can that Major Borrie Sing! Among the guests were several lads from Down Under—just invited to further international relations, no doubt. F/L Ward is still asking the gals, "But why Aussies?" There must be an answer somewhere. Maybe LAW Clarke could tell us. Our O.C.'s whole hearted support made possible one of the best evenings we've had yet, so why don't we do this more often.

ROGER—THE STENO'S SWEETHEART

Have you ever typed a daily diary? No? Then, my dear, you haven't lived. We love them, us stenos. More and bigger daily diaries is what the Air Force needs. We used to sit and type the most interesting assortment of data, Technical stuff sent in by Maintenance, Groop Loops from Training Wing, and, well you can guess what came from Headquarters.

And then one day, Roger came along. In the midst of repairing intercoms, we saw a name. Roger? Who was Roger? A new comer of some description. We relaxed and read further. Roger is a crow, the mascot, gremlin, and pet worry of the Wireless Section. And from a mere acquaintance he has grown to be a friend, and now, well, we would hate to do a Daily Diary without Roger. There is something about him which grows on one. Take for instance, his first solo flight. We held our breath until we read of his safe landing. And then one day, he broke a wing. That was a bad time. We worried very much over this, and even skipped through the papers to see how he was doing. And now he is better, and is learning to talk. Good old Roger—amid a maze of solenoid repairs, ceased trainees, barometric pressures, and thisa and thata, Roger's episodes brighten or stenographical life no end. And boy, just wait till he can talk. Then we really will get some Daily Diaries.

SECTION NEWS

Moans From Maintenance

We are sorry to report the loss of one of our favorite sons, Sgt. Bill Turner, who has been released from the chain gang on posting to Aylmer. This constitutes one more step in the right direction for Aylmer. However, he has been replaced by Sgt. Bill Flavin from Weyburn. Bill's outlook on life and his ability in general has adequately filled the vacancy. We realize, however, when we see Bill standing in the hangar, profile view, that he will have to do some work on his midriff, via the prairie brew method, before he completely fills Bill Turner's shoes. Anyway, we are fortunate in securing a good replacement for the loss of a good man.

By the way, did you know that the undercarriage on a Harvard has a warning horn to signal other planes during formation flying? At any rate we heard from one of the W.D.'s in No. 6 hangar that this happened when she was up on a flip and they were flying formation. She tells us that when the planes got too close the pilot pulled back on the throttle, whereupon a horn blew; on hearing this the rest of the planes promptly drew away and resumed proper formation. (Attention C.E.O.)

At the present we have F/O Dawson doing our test flying. He is replacing F/O Shea; we admit to both of these gentlemen being our social equals since they both came up the promotion hill the hard way. Bernie Dawson has co-operated magnificently; so far we haven't had a single request to lower a windscreen or raise a seat. There is no truth in the rumour that he stands up in the cockpit on take-off. Let it be added, however, that since F/O Shea and F/O Dawson took over our test flying he have found our work, as far as trouble-shooting is concerned, a lot easier.

We had a swimming meet recently and although I don't intend to elaborate on the meet as a whole, I would like nevertheless to mention a thing or three concerning the diving. It was notable for two things, the enthusiasm of the participants and the amazement of the spectators. F/O Shea did a series of flick rolls, spins and loops from the high board. His diving was strictly clowning, which incidentally is more difficult than the real McCoy. During the competition many of the participants duplicated some of his feats, unintentionally. The diving was notable insofar as it proved the amount of punishment the human fuselage can absorb with tearing the fabric or straining a longeron and still contain a noticeable pulse beat. A station parade will be called as soon as the trees surrounding the pool have been searched for divers who over-

Gyro Topics

If you are the possessor of a curious nature, or, to put it bluntly, nosey, amble down to the Instrument Section, ignore the sign "Out of Bounds" and walk in (cautiously).

Our humble staff will then endeavor to explain what makes navigational instruments navigate, flight instruments fly, and engine instruments get hot—without a swing band. You'll be amazed at the answers. Confidentially, so will we. And our test bench; now there is really a work of art! Some call it a monstrosity of some sort, but we all agree down here that our inventor is a Boris Karloff and Rube Goldberg all wrapped into one. His name? Well, he ambles around under the nom de plume of L.A.C. Shandre.

However, under the capable guidance of Sgt. Kinsey, our top man, we've managed to solve the answers to most of the sixty-four dollar unserviceability questions and so maintain quite an efficient section. With many new lads from Weyburn, Macleod and St. Thomas, the going was tough for a while, but the boys—Bates, Fulton, Audet, Moore and several others—have "caught on" fast, and are doing a good job. The old-timers in the persons of Cpls. Waldron, Norman, and L.A.C.s Lanctot, Chamberland and Duhamel deserve honourable mention.

So, gang, if you are knowledge hungry, if you want something repaired (anything from watches to player pianos), and if you're ready to kick the bucket, drop around and see us—we'll gladly supply the bucket.

shot the fence, also the pool is going to be drained to see if those who failed to turn up after the last heats can be located. Owing to the number of heats they were unable to do this at the time.

A court of inquiry is being called to look into the flying accident involving Lac Rochlenko, who crashed while doing home hangar flying. Those who witnessed the incident claim that he took off from the back of another aircraft, climbed steeply, circled a rafter and then did a low level attack on the oil spots on the floor. At this point he dropped a wing and stalled, he crashed quite close to the place from where he took off. On the advice of the M.O. the fuselage was removed to the hospital for P480. The C.F.I. has refused to have anything to do with the case, claiming that since the flight was not authorized through Training Wing it is not in his jurisdiction.



No parades, no inspections, no extra duty, excellent meals, luxurious quarters, entertainment galore, promotions every month, flying pay at all times, and now we're all going to be discharged — shucks — nothing to crab about.

Quarter Notes

Our Station Orchestra is off to a good start. On Wednesday, July 12th last, we threw our first dance, on a small scale, of course, in the Recreation Hall—naturally being a day ahead of "our ships coming in," we could hardly expect a record crowd but nevertheless the whole affair was a success and a source of funds started by which we hope to build up this organization.

The personnel is unchanged except for George Cummings, one of those good-looking Sergeants in Course 113, who is now helping us out with his trumpet.

But, gol' darn it anyway, we have no name as yet for this Band—how about you out there, Mr. and Mrs. Public? Any suggestions? Be sure to nip in with them to yours truly, Danny Blachford (Y.M.C.A.), and the one which gains the vote of the members of the orchestra will be subject to a prize! We'll be expecting you!

Money is our main trouble (as it is everybody else's!) but with the organization lacking in certain essential drum equipment, around a hundred dollars would fix us right up. Any of you wealthy "incognitos" got a hundred you don't want until next Fall?

Oh, yes, we're looking for an Alto Sax player and a good looking trombonist, so if there are any Hodges or Dorseys in hiding around here, "Come out, come out, wherever you are."

But don't forget our next dance, gals and guys—it will be soon and we'll be looking forward to seeing yo' all there!

SECTION NEWS



Which does the H.A. find easier to handle when opening a can—the fire-axe or the can opener?

Tch, Tch, Tch! I Wonder Who?

There was a sweet miss from Quebec,
Who was given the rush by a Czech . . .

But he proved such a failure,
Was replaced by Australia—

Now goodness knows who will be next.

The Fickle Gal from the Hospital

There was a young thing named Margie,
Who vowed to be true, "but I wonder?"

Since her best beau's away

She just can't say nay

To a man who popped up from down under?

The Reformer, Alias "Our Own Little Floss"

Now Flossie was a bright young thing;

Yea, very bright and hearty—

With one or two beneath her belt

She'd be the life of the party.

But it took a strange man

From a far away land

To reform this flower of the prairies,

So instead of Gin Swizzles

It's all fun and giggles,

And Flossie still thinks life's the berries.

Hello, kids:

Here we are once again. Nice weather, we're having, isn't it? We won't talk about that? Well then, let's talk shop, or better still, a little local gossip would suffice at a time like this. It seldom proves depressing, save perhaps for the persons involved. But all is meant to be taken in the spirit of good clean fun . . . we'll all have a finger in the pie, Medicos, staff and Victims . . . so let's get CRACKING, shall we?

Comment From Bed-Pan Alley . . .

1. Patient: "Good morning, doctor."

Quack: "And how are you?"

Patient: "I feel wonderful."

Quack: "Impossible, we only have sick people in here."

Patient: "But I've never felt better."

Quack: "Don't kid yourself, it's only the six egg nogs you have daily. You'll have to convince yourself that you're a sick man."

Patient: "Help! Let me see a doctor."

2. Why does F.B. come back from a sunless week-end at Meota with a red nose?

3. Who has been trying to dye her hair since she had a "Speedy" showing of the

Spectre in the closet?

4. What kind of drag did a certain H.A. have to get a bridal suite during her illness: Men, Modern Conveniences and All?

5. We are told that one H.A. dislikes men who pad their shoulders. We have an answer to that one.

THE HOSPITAL IS NO PLACE TO RECOVER FROM A HANGOVER

If you doubt this statement (which I swear to be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth), report sick.

While still gloating over the fact that you have missed a morning's work, through reporting sick, you hear your name called, and confront one of our three M.O.'s. It doesn't matter which. They work on syllabus (It says here in the book). Anyway he manhandles you, then tells you to report to the Fight Sergeant, who puts you to bed (this not applicable to W.D.'s).

Then comes the rude awakening.

You are just dozing off when a sweet young thing in white sticks a thermometer down your throat, and holds your hand. But don't get ideas. She wrestles.

Then you start your treatment with five tablets and a nice glass of ice water.

Do you think you can sleep now? Well, you have another guess coming. Nope, I'm awfully sorry but it's lunch time now. And besides here are five more tablets and a glass of water.

Who wants to sleep anyway? I'll read this book, seems like a good mystery. What's that? Afternoon nap? What the heck? You lie there for a couple of hours and then just as you're ready to doze off you nearly choke to death. But don't worry, it's only that pretty nurse with that thermometer again; then five more tablets plus another glass of water.

Supper time is followed by five more tablets and water. I never knew drowning was considered one way of curing people of their ailments till I came here.

Around 9 p.m. the thermometer comes round again. Honestly, with all this thermometer business a guy gets to be an awful sucker.

More tablets and more water as a night-cap . . . and so to bed.

That thermometer wakes you again at 6 a.m. the next morning and another day begins. By this time you've either gone batty and are safely put away in a straight jacket, or you've decided that you'd better concentrate on getting out of here and try recovering in barracks (where all is so heavenly quiet). So when the Doctor comes around and addresses you with his favourite greeting, "Goomorinowareu?" you beam at

Station Work-Shop

L.A.C. Breault, better known as The Kiska Kid, is walking around with his head in the clouds these days. Waiting for his "D" Day. We are informed that on the 20th of June he is to take the well-known plunge into the sea of matrimony. The bride-to-be comes from the province of New Brunswick. Happy Landings, Kid, and may all your troubles be little ones.

Things we would like to know:

How L.A.C. Duval can run so well on field day. Were we surprised!

Was it the Western climate that put L.A.C. Stanton in the hospital?

What's the attraction in a local grocery store? We wonder if Sgt. Stuart could tell us? Hmmm?

Would Cpl. Deason tell us the secret of the swimming pool?—Deek the Diver?

Cpl. Palen is going East soon. Good hunting, Freddie!

Daily requests from the various sections:

"Have you a watch maker in the shop?" We wonder why. "Would you please repair a flat tire?" Do we need a work order? "Would Cpl. Cripps or L.A.C. Larue do some painting for me?" Well, that depends on who you are.

Trade-improvement-lectures-are-essential, and-judging-from-the-showing-in-general-of-the-boys-in-their-last-test (regarding-the-questions-on-Metal?) it-is-very-gratifying-indeed-to-know-that-what-was-told-them-in-the-class-room-has-been-more-or-less-absorbed-to-their-advantage. In-correcting-these-papers-it-was-easy-to-tell-who-were-the-absentees-from-the-vague-answers-that-were-submitted-by-them.

Sgt. Stuart and Sgt. Merrilees are still wondering why A/C Metals should take such a beating. When it would be ever-so-much easier to attend these lectures and so increase one's knowledge to a degree whereby metals and their corrosion would be treated much more intelligently. (Knowledge is power).

him and say, "Sir, I feel wonderful; sir, can I go out today?" If the Doc appreciates your good manners he doesn't show it but when the next treatment comes you get 10 pills and two glasses of water.

This may last for days, it's all a matter of endurance. The human body can stand just so much and no more.

How it will end for me, is hard to tell. Do profit by the experience of one who knows.

Horrors, here comes Sister with something that looks like a pneumatic drill and she's whispering something about an injection.

DON'T SAY I NEVER WARNED YOU.

A CHALLENGE

THE GREAT ADVENTURE OF THE
FUTURE NEEDS MOLDING AND
EVERYONE MUST DO HIS OR HER
PART . . . AND NOW

Today, on all sides and in many of the Allied countries we are hearing much about "Post-War Planning" and of the changes which are necessary in order to give to all those things they want and are entitled to. Conferences are being held and much is being written about this, that or the other method to be used, all of which is liable to become confusing to most of us. In all of this we are apt to lose sight of the fact that there is challenge thrown out to every member of our Service just as surely as to anyone else.

There seems to be a general feeling among us that in the Air Force, our role is simply to take our part in the present war only, that when it is over, we will leave all the rest to the other fellow. Here is where we make a grave mistake. It is true that for the present the intensive work and training in order to adequately prepare ourselves for the part we are to play in this war, overshadows everything else. Nevertheless, the responsibility which is ours cannot be lightly pushed aside, if we are to play our full part in making a worthy contribution to the post-war progress of Canada.

In the world of tomorrow, Leadership is going to play an important part in molding a peaceful progress where everyone can be free to work out his own destiny in accordance with the dictates of his conscience. It is for us to keep this in mind and be prepared to make our full contribution toward attaining this end. It will not be enough for us to say "we have done our part toward the war, it is up to the other fellow to do the rest." That is stopping when the job is only half done.

Wars, revolutions and radical changes, whatever their origin, do not make the greatest or most lasting progress in any country. It is through the careful and painstaking work on the part of our leaders in any project and the manner in which they are able to kindle the enthusiasm of those who follow, that is responsible for the onward progress, prosperity and happiness, all three of which every airman and airwoman wants just as much as anyone else.

It is for us to ask ourselves just how much we want these, and how far we are willing to go toward making the greatest contribution toward securing these things.

The thought will, of course, come to mind: How am I to become a leader? What do I know about leadership? Well, did you ever stop to think that there are those who, remembering only a few short years ago Canada had no Air Force, no deeds



A splendid thought—a parcel for your
buddy overseas?
No, for my wife.

of daring, of leadership in the field of flying written into her records, may be asking how has this been accomplished? Is it not through the same sort of thing called daring and leadership that such an enviable record has been built up? Why, then, could we not do the same in helping to mold the future welfare and progress of Canada? It takes no more courage, foresight and leadership for the one than for the other. Nor need we wait until the war is over to take up this challenge. On every hand we may see opportunity to begin his share in this great adventure. It may be in a very small way, to be sure, but by being patient and content to work slowly we may gradually approach our goal and in the doing thereof, make our contribution, while at the same time, enjoying the satisfaction of work well done.

Count Me In Mac

What in the world is World Security? Will it not be necessary that every country be Counted In? Say, Mac, can we afford to overlook any group of people, saying to ourselves, "They don't count"?

It seems, that with our war slowly drawing to a close and with so much at stake, a better understanding of all the peoples with whose problems we are now wrestling is in order. If we are to deal effectively with all countries, we must have "more than just a friendly attitude" towards their inhabitants. We must acquire some knowledge of the problems (peculiar as they might seem to us) confronting each of those particular countries, economically, socially, and so on.

No one individual can pretend to cope with this topic in as varied or detailed a manner as will be necessary in the near future. One can, however, present several points for your consideration.

DON'T QUIT

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,
And the road you are trudging seems all up-hill;
When the funds are low and the debts are high,
And you have to smile when you want to sigh;
When care is a burden, and you're down on the bit—
Rest a few moments, but don't quit.

Life is queer with its twists and turns,
As every one of us sometimes learns,
And many a failure turns about—
You might have won, had you stuck it out.
Don't give up, though the pace seems slow,
You may succeed with another blow.

Success is failure turned inside out,
The silver tint of the clouds of doubt.
And you never can tell how close you are—
It may be near when it seems so far.
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit—
It is when things seem worst that you mustn't quit.

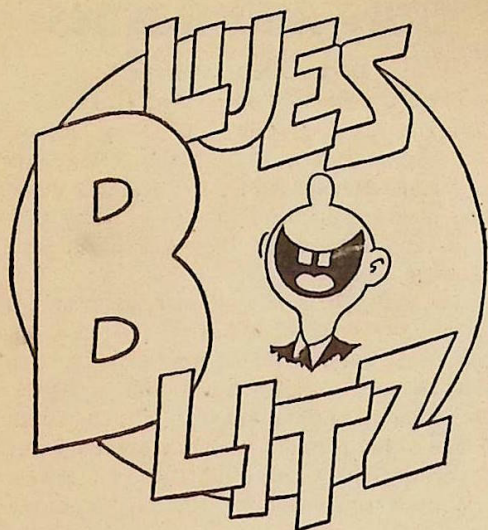
For instance, are we not wont to think of the peoples of other countries as rather strange, quaint, or even sometimes a little inferior, or ignorant and barbaric in comparison with our way of living—our Democratic way? Granting that these impressions are in some cases true, and keeping in mind that one is neither assenting nor dissenting, yet, do these infinitesimal oddities or shortcomings absolve us from our share in the mutual responsibility of establishing security and an ever-lasting peace? To help each other through co-operation and mutual understanding, so that "ignorance" will remain just a word?

Have we not yet discovered the undeniable fact that whether we admit it or not we are "all" an unmissable part of this universe, each with needs and rights, which if denied us will rock the very foundations of our being and plunge us into repeated damnable states of chaos and havoc until such time as we do see the light?

If we execute the noble gesture of exterminating Germany and Japan from the face of this earth, will this deed alone bring about the aims of the Teheran Conference? Admittedly, direct and firm action must and will be taken against the aggressor nations, with emphasis on the incorrigibles in those countries, but if this does not materialize successfully, is it not possible that there is a solution far more humane and simple? We must be optimistic.

Yes, dear readers, this subject is well worth pondering. It is food for thought. It demands your analysis! The cry in every language goes out, "Count me in, Mac!"

How's about it, Mac?



"What makes you look so pale and sad?" the Sgt. Major asked a romantic young Cpl. "It's terrible," confessed the lad with two hooks. "She's the most wonderful girl in the world, and finally I—I—I got enough courage to ask her to marry me. And she refused."

"Cheer up," said the WO2, "a woman's 'no' may often turn out to mean 'yes'."

"I know," said the Cpl. miserably, "but this one didn't say 'no'. She said 'OH, PHOOEY.'"

THE SCOTCHMAN AGAIN

Jock's little boy got a job running errands at a salary of \$3.00 per week. The third week he turned over \$2.97 to his dad. The fourth week his contribution was down to \$2.93. On receiving this, Jock looked at his son and said, "Now don't have any secrets from you father, lad. Tell me the truth. Have you been going out with a girl?"

CHAPLAIN PLEASE NOTE

Said the inebriated airman, "Hello." Said the Chaplain, "Do you know who I am?"

Replied the drunk, "No, but if you tell me your address I'll see you home."

The airman was broke. The scene—North Battleford, hot dog stand.

"Now, dearie, don't go and eat yourself sick just because it's costing you nothing."

Who is the Engineer officer who stated some engine failures are due to Harmonic Vibrations? We can't see much harmony in vibrations from a Harvard, but would like to hear more on the subject.

Maintenance Clothing Parade: How do you want your shirts—too big or too small?

A protestant is an immoral woman who gets her living through living an immortal life.

WANT ADS

WANTED—Medical Officer for Station Hospital. Qualifications: Must be a good type—really Pukka! Must be able to distinguish between a compound fracture and scarlet fracture. Must have good bedside manners (ahem). Must have some intelligence and no scruples about playing poker all day. Duties: To take sick parade and admit patients who are still warm. To isolate all patients who appear more normal than the rest. And above all—to keep hospital staff well occupied. Prospects: None!

WANTED—Patients for station hospital. (Dry-Dock Section) Pay \$5 per month. Food indifferent but may improve before armistice. Good M.O.'s equipped with blindfold. Good clean beds (double, of course), hot or cold depending upon the proximity of the nurse. If nurses are your type, high and extended temps will give you at least 28 days in bed. Minimum of 24 hours daily sleep guaranteed by INMATES' UNION. F/L Moore will provide free refreshments (medicated ice-water). Bonus on completion of confinement (?). Isolations can be arranged . . . for terms see Dr. Blahey.

HORSE (QUADRUPED AND BIPED)

A quadruped has four legs and so has a horse, so a horse is a quadruped. A horse doesn't know this, and consequently you are smarter than a horse. If you should see a horse with two legs, it wouldn't be a quadruped but would be a biped. Man is a biped and so is your Aunt Hattie's half-brother Elmer.

Very few horses have less than four legs. No one can show you a quadruped because there is no such thing, but they may show you a horse and call him one.

Horses are always quadrupeds but quadrupeds are not always horses. They may be cows, but since "BEEF" is so scarce they may be sheep.

Sheep are always quadrupeds for the same reasons as they are always sheep. Some sheep are black sheep and never amount to much; their wool is sold on the Black Market.

A horse has fore feet on its front and two feet on its hind legs which seem a bit awkward until you realize that its fore feet are really only two feet for the same reason as a horse is a quadruped but a quadruped is not always a horse.

F/L: "Young man, are you in command of this Flight?"

AC2: "No, Sir."

F/L: "Then don't talk like an idiot."

Frustration in 3-4 Time

An airman by the name of McGee
Once got fresh with a W.D.
She taught him, by heck,
While she taught aircraft rec.
She was no cinch for a cinch,
No Sirree. . . .

Quite disillusioned by then,
He went to sea with a Wren
In a boat that would float, so they say,
Where, getting fresh as before,
He got slugged with an oar
And ended his stay in the Bay,
So they say. . . .

It was the same with a CWAC,
'Cause when poor Mac came back,
He was the most pitiful thing you could see,
One tooth was missing,
He said 'twas from kissing
A brick-wall, a stone-fence or a tree.

Now the moral should be clear
To all those that will hear
This story of Airman McGee,
That the Girls in the Service
Are not the least bit nervous
Of Soldiers or Sailors or me. . . .

GEMS

Ideals are like stars; gaining success is not touching them with your hands, but like sea-faring men on the desert waters you choose them as guides and, following them, you reach your destination.

What others think of me concerns me little; but what I think of myself concerns me much.

REHABILITATION

"I'll study and get ready, and then maybe my chance will come."—Lincoln.

A truly educated person is a natural person. A true education is a natural development.

Six evils must be overcome in this world by anyone who desires prosperity: Sloth, fear, anger, idleness, procastination and irreligion.—Hindu Proverb.

Every man is a damn fool for at least five minutes every day. Wisdom consists in not exceeding that limit.

P.T.I. Angle: The chief races of mankind are sprints, hurdles, and long distance.

"Papa, where were you born?"

"Manchester, dear."

"And where was Mama born?"

"In Vancouver."

"And where was I born?"

"In Sydney."

"Isn't it funny how we three people got together!"



Track and Field Meet

Despite an overcast that sprinkled rain most of the day, our second track and field meet turned out to be quite a success. The competitors showed fine spirit and every event had numerous participants.

We would like to thank the members of the sports committee and the officials, who ran the events off so efficiently.

Perhaps it was due to the weather conditions, but there was a poor turn-out of spectators, and there is some talk of cancelling future sports days, due to lack of interest.

Training Wing again took the grand aggregate cup, this time with a larger margin over the second-place Headquarters team than they held last meet.

L.A.C. Heathcote, lanky Australian ace, again won individual honours in Training Wing.

F/O. Lamon was the Headquarters squadron aggregate star. This officer displayed unusual endurance in entering almost every event, and placing in the majority of them.

L.A.C. Follette won the Maintenance Squadron honours, as usual, without finding it any too hard. This man has wonderful form—just watch him in the javelin throw or in the shot putt.

L.A.W. Holden replaced L.A.W. Kelly as aggregate winner for the W.D.s this time.

Grand Aggregate: Training Wing.

Individual Squadron Aggregates: Headquarters, F/O. Lamon; Trainees, L.A.C. Heathcote; Maintenance, L.A.C. Follette; Women's Division, L.A.W. Holden.

Softball Throw: 1, F/O. McLuckie; 2, F/O. Lamon; 3, L.A.C. Wilde.

75 yard Dash (W.D.): 1, Flt/O. Simard; 2, L.A.W. Holden; 3, L.A.W. McNeil.

100 yard Dash: 1, L.A.C. Heathcote; 2, F/O. Lamon; 3, L.A.C. McRae.

75 yard Dash (Cadets): 1, Langdo; 2, Barkley; 3, Innis.

Pole Vault: 1, L.A.C. Hamilton, 2, L.A.C. Blackwood; 3, L.A.C. Plante.

High Jump (W.D.): 1, L.A.W. Holden; 2, L.A.W. Taylor; 3, Flt/O. Simard.

220 yard Dash: 1, L.A.C. Heathcote; 2, F/O. Lamon; 3, L.A.C. McRae.

Discus Throw: 1, F/O. Lindquist; 2, L.A.C. McDonald; 3, L.A.C. Fisher.

Slow Bike Race: 1, S/L. Gagnon; 2, Mr. Etter; 3, F/L. Smith.

880 yard Run: 1, L.A.C. Dixon; 2, F/O. Lamon; 3, L.A.C. Baker.

High Jump (Men): 1, L.A.C. Heathcote; 2, L.A.C. Hamilton; 3, L.A.C. Follette.

Three-legged Race: 1, Sgt. Bentley and Cpl. Harrison.

Relay (W.D.): Flt/O. Simard, L.A.W. Holden, L.A.W. Taylor, L.A.W. North.

Open Relay: F/O. Lamon, F/O. Hopkins, P/O. Ellis, W.O.II Segal.

Bike Sprint: 1, L.A.C. Glacier; 2, P/O. McKay.

440 yard Run: 1, L.A.C. Leitch; 2, L.A.C. Holyoke; 3, L.A.C. McRae.

Shot Putt: 1, L.A.C. Follette; 2, L.A.C. Leitch; 3, L.A.C. Simmons.

Javelin Throw: 1, L.A.C. Follette; 2, L.A.C. Middleton; 3, L.A.C. Boyle.

Broad Jump (W.D.): 1, L.A.W. Smith; 2, L.A.W. Holden; 3, L.A.W. Dutton.

Broad Jump (Men): 1, L.A.C. Hangar; 2, L.A.C. Follette; 3, W.O.II Segal.

Mile Run: 1, L.A.C. Baker; 2, L.A.C. Tamanac; 3, L.A.C. Bailey.

100 yard Dash (S/L and above): 1, S/L. Molyneux; 2, S/L. Gagnon; 3, S/L. Clibbon.

Tug-of-war (Men): Repair Squadron.

Tug-of-war (W.D.): Flt/O. Simard's team.



SWIMMING MEET

The first station swimming meet was held in the North Battleford pool on July 12th. Training Wing paraded into town with the band, and all in all the afternoon was a great success. There were not nearly enough W.D. participants, but perhaps we can encourage a few more to enter into the fun the next time.

The "Internationally Famous Diver," who wanted to conceal his identity (and we don't blame him), put on a great exhibition, much to the entertainment of the spectators. Perhaps with a little more practice, Mr. Shea, you can accomplish some of the dives that you said you were going to do.

The following is the result of the various events:

50 yard Free Style: 1, F/O. Shea; 2, L.A.C. Hallet.

50 yard Free Style (W.D.): 1, L.A.W. Holden; 2, Flt/O. Simard.

100 yard Breast Stroke: 1, L.A.C. King; 2, L.A.C. Kloster.

50 yard Back Stroke: 1, L.A.C. Chiene; 2, L.A.C. Mott.

100 yard Free Style: 1, F/L. Wilson; 2, L.A.C. Edmunds.

50 yard Breast Stroke: 1, F/L. Wilson; 2, Cpl. St. Aubin.

50 yard Back Stroke (W.D.): 1, L.A.W. Holden; 2, Cpl. Harrison.

Diving (men): 1, F/S. Clark; 2, L.A.C. Mott.

Diving (W.D.): 1, L.A.W. Holden; 2,

Dots And Dashes

DOTS AND DASHES

Since the last edition of Prop Wash we've had the great pleasure of adding to our happy family, N/S McLachlan, hailing from Command Headquarters. Her winning smile and pleasant manners just go to prove that you can't believe all they say about Red Heads.

Although, perhaps by this time, many of us already know and have joined the following of our new M/O, we the staff have not as yet officially made him welcome. Dr. Blahey has done much to win the confidence of his patients, and is a great favourite of the W.D. ward. (Oh! Those big brown A perfectly harmless isolation ward has eyes!!!)

been turned into a Den of Iniquity. The occupants, "The Pride of Australia," L.A.C. Cook, and "The Mad Russian," L.A.C. Tor-doff, from Leeds, England, have formed an alliance against the hospital staff. We, the humble servants, are given to understand that we are to comply with every command. All irregularities are accepted: Breakfast in bed, blinds drawn and complete silence at all hours of the day. Rude snorts and growls accompanied by a cloud of dust and smoke greet us on approaching their door (which we prefer to keep closed). Stay a while, boys, and make our lives really miserable.

Cpl. Galvin has seen fit to try a little of her own medicine and—from the sounds screeches emanating from her room—it seems she finds it (the medicine, of course) rather bitter, and exceedingly hard to swallow. That's very poor advertisement of Sick Bay, Jeannie—so, come on now and get well SOON.



VOLLEY BALL

Several sections have picked out teams already, and Equipment Section started the ball bouncing by challenging the Wireless Champs to a game. S/L. Muir and his team were trimmed, but perhaps things will change when the return match takes place.

The Equips and Accountants are always at each other's throats, so their game should be a good one to watch—they are out to get each other!

L.A.W. Smith.

Long plunge (men): 1, L.A.C. Jarvis; 2, L.A.C. Spark.

Long plunge (W.D.): 1, L.A.W. Holden; 2, Cpl. Harrison.

Relay, Officers vs. Trainees: 1, Trainees (L.A.C.s Chiene, Watkins, Jones A. C., Jones W. C., Crooke T., Cook T., Edmunds, Gauld); 2, Officers (F/L. Wilson, F/O. Shea, F/L. Shultz, F/O. Johnson, F/O. MacDonald, F/O. Cheese, F/O. Thomas, F/O. Lamon.